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rung St. Johannis. Regensburg. 1533. [*A very remarkable reckoning on words, together with some signs and numbers, from Daniel and the revelation of St. John.*] Morhoff: Polyhist. T. i. L. iv. c. 2. § 6.

2. Arithmetica integra cum praeafatione Philippi Melancthonis. Norimb. 1545. Voss de Univers. Math. p. 317. § 11. This was a book of very great merit for its time, and is still referred to by mathematicians. It is very remarkable too, that Stiefel here laid down the first principles of Logarithms. Wolf Element. Math. univers. T. v. p. 29 § 7. and p. 75. § 14.

3. Eine Deutsche Rechenkunst 1545. [*A German Arithmetick.*] Buck p. 37.

4. Ein Rechenbuch von der Deutschen und Welschen Praktik. 1546. 4to. [*An Arithmetick according to German and Italian practice.*] Voss, l. c.

5. Heilbronn in his Hist. Mathes. Univers. p. 786, 787, says there is in the Vatican a MS. with the title, "Mich. Stiefelii summa Elementorum Euclidis."

6. Of the German poem on the conformity of the doctrines of Luther to those of Christ, mentioned by Bayle, I find no sufficient notice.



#### FOR THE NORTH-AMERICAN JOURNAL.

Sir,

The following copy of some very slight memoranda, made during an excursion principally on foot, the last summer, is at your disposal. The party consisted of two; in this sketch of a journal, the pronouns *I*, and *we*, are used indiscriminately—it did not appear to me, worth the trouble of any alteration, to make the phraseology more consistent: at any rate, I hope you will receive this trifle, which has accidentally escaped destruction, as a slight proof of my interest in your work, respecting which, I must confess I have hitherto felt more than I have expressed.

To the Editor.

*May 30th.* To Concord, 17 miles.—We left Boston at 11 o'clock, A. M. passed Cambridge, in whose classick

shades we reposed four years, and of which, for particular reasons, *we* shall say no more. This road will be ever memorable for having witnessed the first conflicts of the war of the Revolution. At Lexington, there is a rustick stone monument, to commemorate the brave men who fell in the first struggle for national rights. The Inn has still some bullet holes to be seen, that were made on the 19th of April, 1775. We felt a little tired on our arrival at Concord, but probably not so much so, as many of those who performed this march from Concord to Boston, on the occasion just mentioned. Arrived at 7, P. M.

*May 31st.* To Pepperell, 20 miles.—Left Concord at 5, A. M. and breakfasted at Acton, after walking seven miles; proceeded thence to Groton, where we dined.—Groton has a handsome aspect, abounding with fine extensive orchards. H. had too good an appetite at dinner, became lazy after it, his feet were blistered, and could not be prevailed upon to walk more than three miles further, to Pepperell, where we supped, and took lodgings for the night. This town is named after a colonial governor of New-Hampshire—Sir William Pepperell, who also had a town named after him in Maine; Pepperellborough, (since changed.) A ship owner in this town, discovered his taste in names, by calling a ship the *Pepperellborough of Pepperellborough*, which well chosen name, forming a continuous line on the stern of the vessel, has puzzled many an honest tar to decipher, as much as the famous story of “Peter Piper picked a peck,” has the luckless stutterers. N. B. This day purchased of a man on the road, two cents worth of prickly ash bark, an infallible remedy for all diseases—this is the first original we have met with.

*June 1st.* To Keene, 43 miles.—Overslept ourselves at Pepperell, set off after breakfast, and walked six miles, then being tired of moving so slow from home, took the stage, and arrived here at 8, P. M. We have passed to day through a number of “clever towns,” but have seen nothing worth remarking, except the Monadok mountain, at a distance, and seven beautiful girls *en passant*, which I have observed this day; it is remarkable, and I mention it for the benefit of artists, what a fine, warm, and mellow tone, objects like these, in the front ground, give to a landscape; one of these maidens with a sparkling, open countenance.

rose-tinted, transparent complexion, falling shoulders, and rounded arms, light, elastick step, small foot, and tapering ancle, (it must be observed that,

Brachia et vultum, teretesque suras  
Integer laudo)

formed one of the most picturesque *studies* I ever saw, and I sighed that I was not an artist. The latter part of this road is a gentle descent for two miles, shaded by tall trees, and with a fine stream running by the road side.

*June 2d.* To Bellow's Falls, 18 miles.—Left Keene after breakfast, dined at Walpole, and arrived here in the afternoon; bathed in the Connecticut, and put on a clean shirt: an operation which thousands would never perform, were it not for the recurrence of this blessed day, which interrupts the progress of ambition and avarice; gives to the labouring man and the poor working beast, repose and alleviation; civilizes society, by bringing all classes together in publick, orderly and refined assemblies, and affords to the virtuous and the wretched, a common opportunity to pour out their thanks and supplications to the great Father of mercies. All this spontaneous, wide spread good, a few sour, narrow minded Sabbatists would condemn to wither under the odious tyranny of sorry tythingmen. At supper, we had a novelty; that the devil sends cooks, every man who travels in our country, must fully believe; but the mischief is likely to be perpetuated by the substitutes which these wretches prepare to make up for their want of skill; their preparations never could be swallowed if it were not for the stimulants of pickles—we here had a new one—*pickled potatoes!*

*June 3d.* To Cavendish, 23 miles.—Left the Falls between 5 and 6 o'clock, and walked six miles, before breakfast, to Rockingham; drank coffee made of parched beans, and black pepper; walked nine miles further to Chester, before dinner; started again at 3, P. M., and proceeded eight miles to Cavendish, where we passed the night. Part of the road from Chester to Cavendish, is very beautiful, lying between two ranges of hills, from two to four hundred feet in height, with a little stream running along within fifty feet, for about three miles of the distance. We are less

fatigued to night, although we have walked further than any time before, and begin to enjoy ourselves very well, and are glad we did not come on horseback ; for a horse, like patience, tires in using, but a man is like Fame, *vires acquirit eundo*.

*June 4th.* To Rutland, 27 miles.—Left Cavendish at 10 A. M., passed through Ludlow, and stopped at Mount Holly, nine miles from Cavendish, to dine. Being here caught by the rain, we waited for the stage, and in the afternoon, set off for Rutland, which we reached at 9, P. M. and slept there. Upon the whole, the road from Rutland to Mount Holly is the worst we ever travelled.

*June 5th.* To a point on Lake Champlain, 85 miles.—We left Rutland, at 5 o'clock this morning in a stage waggon, in which we suffered twenty-four miles to Whitehall ; which place presents a curious spectacle, to one descending from the Green Mountains. It looks like a sea-port, and the waggons of true blooded Yankees coming in, and mingling with the foreigners, negroes, &c. is very strange. Whitehall has as many houses building, as are already built, which shows it to be a flourishing place. At 2 o'clock, we embarked in the Steam-boat Phoenix, a noble machine, and moved at the rate of seven miles an hour. We passed through the English and American fleet of Macdonough, which are moored in line, below Whitehall. We then moved twenty-six miles to Ticonderoga, where there are some remains of stone barracks and forts, quite picturesque, thence fifteen miles, to Crown Point, which we passed at the close of twilight, and the "ruins gray" were faintly visible ; we are now moored about twenty miles beyond them. This boat is remarkable for elegance of equipment and accommodation. Since we left Whitehall, we have passed by a barren and miserable country. It is a most delightful night, and much might be said about the moonlight scenes, &c. which we are passing through, if other writers had not sufficiently described these kind of things. The object which struck me most to day, was Whitehall. The passing in an hour from the essence of yankeyism, to that of cosmopolitanism, the descending from the regions of eternal veal, to that of roast beef and mutton, is very striking.

*June 6th.* To Vergennes, 40 miles.—We slept soundly on board the Phoenix, and waking at 5 o'clock, found ourselves opposite Burlington, went on shore, breakfasted, and walked twenty-one miles through a snow-storm to this place. This is a valuable fact for writers on the progressive amelioration of our climate.

*June 7th.* To Addison, thirteen miles. Left Vergennes at 10, A. M., passed the falls in Otter Creek, which are said to be forty feet, *sed de hoc quaere*, turned off to the west, and walked four miles through a dismal swamp, reached the borders of the lake, and continued our route southward through a wretched country; arrived at 3, P. M. at Chimney point, where we were prevented from crossing the lake by a violent west wind.

*June 8th.* To Ticonderoga sixteen miles. Crossed the lake after breakfast to Crown point, examined the forts and extensive ditch and ramparts, inclosing three stone barracks, each about one hundred and fifty feet long, the walls entire, but wood work burnt out; losing our way, we wandered about two or three miles, found the road, and marched on to *old Ti fort*.\* This is situated at a point where the waters of lake George mingle with those of lake Champlain: it must have been a very fine fortification, a wall on a level with ground, from this a glacis to a fosse, from the fosse a wall twenty feet high, with an internal embarkment of earth inclosing the remains of barracks, &c.; we descended into a mine about twenty feet under ground, with two others diverging from it, a covered way leading to the shore of the lake, &c. We stood on a salient angle which overhangs the lake, and which rises from the water about sixty or seventy feet. Time has been anticipated in ruining these works by the neighbouring inhabitants, who have pulled down many parts to build stone fences. In turning up the soil many utensils have been found, among others, about four years since, a number of men on a squirrel hunt, found a watch, under a stone, the squirrel ran under this stone for shelter, they raised it up with a lever, and found the watch, which they wound up, and after suffering thirty-three years to pass over unmeasured, it immediately went to its old employment of marking the hours, "as though nothing

\* Ticonderoga is always abbreviated in this way.

had happened." How many heavy moments, tedious hours and insupportable days, has this little machine escaped the burden of recording—since it had been in this snug, inglorious repose, how many wonderful events have marked the passing generation! never has there occurred such a period, since this planet was hurled into the infinite void, to whirl its ceaseless course among the constellations. How many exquisite machines of the most brilliant parts and admirable organization, have been in this interval hid under stones, but from which they never will again be taken, to be wound up, and "take a note of time." From the fort we retraced our steps a mile and a half to the main road at the lower falls of lake George, which before they were covered with saw-mills and slabs, must have formed a very picturesque spot; from these we walked one mile to the upper falls, where we now are.

We are now out of New-England. Those who live in the sea-port cities, are apt to suppose, that as they recede from the coast, they retire from civilization and comfort, and when two hundred miles from home, that they shall be obliged to travel thirty or forty miles perhaps to find a house or a log-but. Through our whole journey hitherto, we have passed a thickly peopled region, with a handsome village every six or eight miles, good roads, tolerable inns, a well cultivated country, growing orchards, an intelligent people, and all the good things of life. The poorest district we have seen is on Lake Champlain. We are now about ascending the west side of lake George.

*June 9th.* To Bolton, west side of lake George, twenty-seven miles.—We walked from "Ti." to Sabbath-day point, fifteen miles, and arrived there about six; P. M., this place presented to us a beautiful view, and is probably the finest on the lake. Here we took a boat and were rowed twelve miles to Bolton, where we arrived at eleven in the evening. There were many things in this sail, for skilful hands to make a beautiful description of. At sunset we passed under a precipice three or four hundred feet high, called Buck mountain, because a year or two since a deer pursued by dogs had leapt from it—a placid lake—high cliffs with dark overhanging woods—moon rising in nearly total eclipse—which passing away, its light silvered

the surface of the lake, and “slept sweetly” on the fairy little islands which chequer its surface—profound silence, except the screams of loons, and their echoes, and the solitary Whip-poor-will, sublime—beautiful—cold and hungry—glad to get by a fire and eat some brown bread and milk, and fried pork, and go to bed. In the first part of our walk from Ti, in a by-path, we met with a cottage and one John Stone in it, who showed us specimens of tin, copper, and silver ore, pointed out the mines from which they came, and offered us one third part, if we would work them. He makes a good deal of copperas.

*June 10th.* To Fort George, ten miles.—Walked from Bolton to this place to dinner. We have now seen the whole of lake George, and its appearance is very uniform, its environs just as nature made them, a beautiful spot for man to cultivate and embellish. The water of the lake is remarkably clear, and is full of what a young girl would call the *sweetest*, little islands; these seem made for the residence of fairies; some of them with only a single tree or shrub upon them, look like a wedding-cake with a sprig of myrtle on the top—there wants only animation and contrast, houses, gardens and boats, to make an Elysium, these will not be wanting long; cultivation and villages seem to be created with almost magical rapidity. I tried my hand at verse on this occasion, but the muse was not propitious, and I could produce no more than the following fragment:

Still many an oak its hoary head sustains,  
On which a sapling tree the eagle stood,  
And saw no tenant of the wild domains,  
Save the rough bear or wolf that proul'd for food:  
No shadow trembled on the limpid flood,  
But of the passing cloud, or rolling star,  
Or thirsting deer, or darkly waving wood,  
And all the sounds which echo roll'd afar,  
Were sighs of whispering groves, or oceans solemn roar.

The banks of the lake from Ti to this place, are almost uninhabited; there is a bad road down the west side, and perhaps a dozen huts in a distance of thirty-six miles, on the east side, nothing but woods and rocks. The land is



principally owned by the state, and is worth from thirty cents to twenty dollars per acre.

After dinner, while laying our plans for the future, the outline of which, depended on our stock in money, B. putting his hand in his pocket, found his pocket-book missing; he immediately walked back to Bolton, where he found it with its contents safe in the inn-keeper's hands, he had left it on the chimney-piece in the morning. He came back quite smiling, relieved from the fears of what might have been to us a vexatious accident. Fort George is a very pretty village, has a fine large, tavern, the resort of much company from the Springs—it was very pleasant to come out of the woods to such a place, one of the many contrasts which are presented by our rapid growing country.

*June 11th.* To Moreau, fifteen miles.—Left Fort George in the morning, and arrived at noon at Glenn's falls, after walking nine miles through a sandy road and pine woods. There was nothing on the road to this place after leaving Fort George half a mile, to afford pleasure of any description, until you get within sight of the houses at Glenn's Falls—this is rather a pretty village, appears flourishing, situated on an eminence about seventy feet above the river. The falls are about forty feet in height, the stream before it gets to the falls, runs nearly north, it there takes an easterly course and is precipitated over a bed of rocks which divides the river near the middle, making two distinct falls. The river which was previously a hundred yards wide, is at the falls, forced through two narrow passages, one not more than twenty, the other about thirty feet wide. We have at length arrived again in a land of meeting-houses, having travelled a hundred miles, without seeing a building, which was obviously of that description. Walked in the afternoon six miles further to Moreau.

*June 12th.* To Saratoga, twelve miles.—Left Moreau at 11 o'clock, having overslept ourselves, and arrived at Saratoga between 2 and 3, P. M., having met nothing worthy of remark on the road. Saratoga appears to be as flourishing a town as any we have passed through. Its celebrity is owing to its mineral springs, fourteen of which have been discovered, and doubtless many remain to be. They all contain a very considerable portion of carbonick, acid gas,

what metallick substances they hold in solution, I know not. The Congress spring is very strongly impregnated with glauber salts. The Rock Spring here, is an object of very considerable curiosity, for an account of which, see the *Gazetteer of New-York*.

*June 13th.* To Ballston Spa, eight miles.—Walked here in the forenoon, and having pulled out a piece of white shirt at the neck, (we have generally been taken for pedlars on the road,) we walked into the Sans Souci hotel, an immense building and admirably administered. At Saratoga we were in a very different house. We there sat down to table with teamsters, and dined on bacon and eggs, from a dirty cloth, after dinner smoked a dirty pipe, “argued the topick,” whether the crops were likely to be spoilt by the late cold weather—threw ourselves both on one dirty bed. At Sans Souci, “show these gentlemen to their rooms,” water, towels, sheets on the beds, fine dinner, puddings, pies, desert, bottle cider, madeira, Spanish cigars, &c. &c. These sudden changes from *travelling merchants*, to gentlemen travellers, according to the houses we happen to enter, is very amusing to us. Ballston is an older and larger village than Saratoga, its waters are nearly the same, they consist of what they call the Iron Spring and the Sulphur Spring.

*June 14th.* To Broad Albin eighteen miles. Left B. and Ballston at 11 o'clock this morning on foot, and arrived here at sunset, just as it began to rain.

*June 15th.* To Stone Arabia, twenty-two miles.—Left Broad Albin; reached Johnstown to dinner; a busy village with a paved street, and arrived here at sunset. I have now got into the region of Dutchmen.

*June 16th.* To Utica, forty miles.—Descended four miles from Arabia Petrea, to something like “Araby the blest,” on the Mohawk river, on whose banks walking fourteen miles further, through a rich and beautiful country, I took the stage and arrived here twenty-two miles.

*June 17th.* To Onondago hollow, fifty-miles.—Left Utica in the stage and came in it to this place, which is one hundred and fifty miles from Albany, and the same distance from Buffalo; here are four or five hundred real Indians—Oneida Castle—Oneida and Onondago lakes at a distance on the right, a curious spring, &c.

*June 18th.* To Canadaigua sixty-two miles.—Came in stage through sundry lands and lakes, for a particular description of which, reference may be had to the Gazetteer of New-York. I here found in the phiz of a waiter, the first face I have known since leaving Boston.

*June 19th.* To Batavia forty-eight miles, in the stage.

*June 20th.* To Buffalo, thirty-nine miles, in stage, a sorry little port on lake Erie.

*June 21st.* To Niagara falls, Canada side, twenty miles.—Left Buffalo after breakfast, crossed the ferry at Black Rock, and walked down to this place half a mile below the falls, which I just gave a glance at, and shall examine to-morrow.

I am in the humour to remark here, that countries subject to the Inquisition or a French police, enjoy a greater degree of real freedom, than those in which a man cannot move from one place to another, without being minutely examined and questioned four or five times a day, about all his pursuits and concerns. I have learned more during this tour, of the pitiful disposition of the *ignobile vulgus*, than I have ever done before.

*June 22d.* I have passed the day in viewing the falls at different points. In the morning I went down the ladder, and walking along under the cliff, about a quarter of a mile, through a thin spray, I came to the edge of the sheet of water, between which and the rock, is a space of fifty or sixty feet, and which of course extends with greater or less breadth under the whole fall. I ran in about ten steps, and out again; bringing away on my person, no small portion of the waters of lake Erie.—Table Rock and other shelves, hang directly over your head at the edge of this cave. I spent the afternoon on Table Rock and its environs, which form the best situations for seeing the falls. I have now seen the greatest cascade in the world, and as *omne majus in se continet minus*, I am satisfied on the subject of water falls.

The inn where I am, was the centre of the battle of Lundy's Lane, and all the road from Buffalo is marked with desolation, and the people retain a strong hatred against the United States. Indeed, I have observed on both sides the line an animosity stronger than I have seen any where else, and very unbecoming such near neigh-

hours. I have now reached the object of my journey, and like other objects of ambition, there was more pleasure perhaps, in the pursuit, than in the attainment. I turn my steps homeward to-morrow, with strong feelings of delight.

*June 23d.* To Lewiston, eight miles.—Came down in a waggon to Queenstown, passing by the great whirlpool; crossed from Queenstown to Lewiston in the ferry-boat. This place is at the head of lake Ontario.

*June 24th.* To Four Corners, sixty miles in the stage.

*June 25th.* To Canadaigua, forty-eight miles in the stage. —I have now arrived at the place where the roads divide, having from this point described a triangle. I have returned by the ridge road, a great curiosity. The western country of New-York, from Albany to Erie, on the great road, which is three hundred miles long, was twenty years since a wilderness—in twenty years more it will be a garden, covered with villas and villages. It is now peopled and peopling with an active, overreaching, bustling race, whisky-makers and drinkers, store-keepers, millers and traders, all growing rich, and who are to be the ignoble founders of future elegance. The most beautiful natural scenery is that which is soonest destroyed by these invaders. It is a cruel thing, that nature cannot adorn a spot for her admirers, with waterfalls, and cliffs, and beechen groves, but Yankee enterprise finds it out, brings in its saw-mills and slabs, its red and yellow paint, and “English Goods, and W. I. and N. E. Rum.” Every one looking at it in the same spirit that the tailor regarded the falls of Niagara, who observed, “that it was a capital place to sponge a piece of cloth.”

*June 26th.* To Onondago hollow, sixty miles. *27th.* To Utica, fifty-two miles. *28th.* To Albany, ninety-six miles. *29th.* To West-Springfield, eighty miles.—These four last days travelled in the stage. *June 30th.* To Palmer, eighteen miles, on foot.

*July 1st.* To Leicester, twenty-six miles on foot, called on an old acquaintance at Brookfield, and ate some gingerbread with him.

*July 2d.* To Boston forty-six miles.—First thirty on foot, remainder in the stage. Distance travelled, three hundred and fifty-five miles on foot : eight hundred and

twelve in steam-boats and stages. Total, 1167 in thirty-four days.

*Advice to travellers.*—The least fatiguing, the most amusing, and the happiest way of travelling, is on foot: it must not be concealed, however, that as this will at times place you in transient intercourse with plebians, it of course, exposes you to impertinence, which you must be proof against. That you are a gentleman, it will be well to discover by your dress and other externals; take a servant to answer questions, and bear other burdens, and do not go without a companion. Merit under a mean garb is slow in being discovered, and a handsome coat has more effect, not on the vulgar only, but upon all men, for a long time, than manners, or knowledge, or virtues. My old straw hat, shabby dress, and black cravat, caused such questions as these:—"You are a pedlar ar'nt you?—or a soldier?—well here you come fresh from *Varmont*, I guess I should'nt like to play a game of cards with you"—(this insight into character was exhibited with a good deal of self-satisfaction by an old soldier,) "Did'nt I see you on the mountain, looking out for work last week?" add to this the continual stare and interrogations of suspicion. All this to *two* persons who are travelling incog. is amusing by way of variety, but to a modest, silent man, *alone* among impertinent strangers, is very disagreeable.

Take more money than enough—calculate that your journey will exceed your first intentions—let all your clothes be new, and enough of them, or you will return in rags. The best way for two or three persons intending such an excursion, will be to have a light covered waggon, with an active lad to drive it. This will carry their baggage and some few stores they may occasionally want. Instruments for sporting, fishing, &c.: if they have a taste for botany, or mineralogy, it will contain their specimens. Those who are not frightened at the idea of walking, and are not travelling for the mere purpose of display, will find that arrangements of this kind properly made, will enable them to make a pedestrian excursion with great comfort and satisfaction, and give a much more thorough knowledge of the country and its inhabitants, than they can ever else attain.